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Dear Tom,

The tone of your letter of the second, No. 13, makes me feel better about you. It is so different, in some ways so euphoric, that it prompts a caution: let your spirits soar but keep both feet on the ground.

Of the addresses you seek, I can give you one right now. The B'nai B'rith has its own building in New York, 315 Lexingon Ave., 10016. Switchboard, MU9-7400. I would suppose that all their organizations, including Hillel, are housed there.

If you had given me this list earlier, I could have given you answers earlier and easier. I will not now be in Washington for several days and can't be. However, I'll do what I can locally and will include. I may not be able to until tomorrow.

Lil will not fly. It is not because she is afraid but for two other reasons. The year she was a junior-grade celebrity as a championship cook she did fly twice. The has some kind of inner-ear trouble and it took her three months to get over those flights. She can't abide any noise, conditioning from the ruin of our farming by helicopters and sonic booms. I've done much flying since resuming writing. Some were to chichi doins and included invitations for her, but she just wouldn't. She rarely goes to an airport with me.

While you would have been justified in assuming that nothing you do would surprise me, why did you go and ruin it by surprising me? That you, a good Yid, would desecrate bagels with PEANUT BUTTER! Not that there is anything wrong with peanut butter. I can remember being hung up on one particular brand. But with BAGELS? What is wrong with cream cheese and lox? Indeed, you give me pause, cause to wonder if in sooth the blood of Abraham and Isaac courses through those veins. One of the true culinary ~~xxxxxxx~~ shibboleths is what goes with bagels?

Your medical plans seem to make sense. I hope they can come to fruition.

You have to trust someone there and Mrs. Bernstein seems to be the best possible one of those you've mentioned. Especially if hers is one of the new activist groups. I'm all for the women asserting there independence and individuality. Even if I can't dig some of the to me more extreme manifestations. I'm for them, too. God bless 'em! Dykes, too (shudder, shudder). However, I will not take the initiative in writing to her. I might have earlier if you had not told me that you had had to improvise a lie to her about me being your uncle. (Something like the uncle who was a rabbi in Baton Rouge?) I will, however, respond promptly should she write me. And honesty. So, beware! Don't tell her we met on the Mount of Olives or at the Wailing Wall because I remember very well that it was on St. Philip.

As you now know, I had anticipated your opposition to answering a couple of questions. I have already gone into it. You also know that more than merely realizing you have your own needs to meet, I tried to give them priorities in your thinking and doing. You have to look out for your own needs and that has to take priority. I am aware of this. I am also aware that if you did not feel you'd have to make a mainga (we'll see about that vlood of Abraham and Isaac real quick!) out of the whole thing, you'd want to because it might be some fun for you. I'll even agree that a long, drawn-out tale would entertain me and in the end would inform me more. But it is not an all or nothing deal. I have, for one example, asked you a couple of questions you could answer in a single line. Not answering such a question can't be explained by anything you have said. Or can. So, let's really level on this. As I have told you, I am certain this serves your own immediate interest. However, I am quite willing to be pointed and direct: it serves my interest and can help with my immediate needs. Friendship and trust are two-way things. If I'm to be yours, you be mine. If I'm to trust you, you trust me. I have no reluctance in going even further-and if you don't know, DON't ask Mrs. Bernstein: tuchas aufn tische.

There are some things, some identifications, that are simple, take no time to communicate, and I will take as a sign of whether or not you are levelling and trusting. How else should a mench young thing be with a foster-father anyway?

Forgive what may seem like smugness, but I'm fascinated by and accept as a challenge one of your sentences,"And you sure did jump to a hell of a lot of WRONG conclusions because of what you didn't know." After admitting there is much I didn't -and still don't ~~know~~

know - note, please, that this admission is voluntary - I raise my own question: to what conclusions did I jump? You've really no knowledge of whether I reached any relevant conclusions or, if I did, what they are, where they are certain, where they are uncertain. This means about you and about others; about fact and about fancy; even about Garrison and his "probe". In short, you don't really know what I think about any of these things or many others. If you want to try and put something together now, then I tell you again that I never, ever, lied to you about anything.

You never even understood my relationship with Garrison, as I'm sure I've told you. The fact is that once, less than an hour from the time I'd seen you, I spoke to him as I doubt he was ever spoken to face-to-face. And he was not alone, whereas I was. His face turned purple. This does not mean that you have anything to fear on that score and, in fact, you do not. What could have been used against you of which I know I either have or blew. If this were not the case, do you suppose the voluntary offer that was made to me about you would have been made or I'd have tried to talk to your father about it, or have asked Hank to tell Milton the whole story?

This , however, is the kind of thing that can wait for when we both have the time. I use it as an illustration not as an argument. Not that I would not be fascinated at your knowing any conculsions I had reached, what they may have been and how you may have known. I surely am. I wouldn't put you on on this.

But don't you put me on, either.

Don't play games. By the time one gets to September and is still more active than most are in June, there is time for only some games.

As of today I've not heard from Scott. I need no more to form an opinion on this. You didn't need that little. Except in Houston and a few other such blighted places, the obligations of a lawyer are clear. Making him live up to them is almost everywhere no easy matter. It never will be as long as the bar association has to be the means. No bar that I know of does the minimum in this direction.

Hope everything continues to go o.k.

Sincerely,